# The Parted Friends.

Amid New England's vallies, Where her laughing waters flow, Two little maidens wandered In the days of long ago. In the time of vernal beauty, Through the summer's golden hours, Hand in hand they roved together, Side by side they gathered flowers.

Golden was the chain that bound them In their fair and guileless youth, And its price was more than rubies, · For the links were love and truth. Bright and gladsome was their present, And they deem'd 'twould ever last; They fear'd not for the future, And they sighed not for the past.

Years fled and they were parted; One sought the blooming West; Manhood's truth and childhood's beauty Make her lowly path-way blest. But the other still doth linger Beneath the old roof-tree-Still beside her Father's hearth-stone, A maiden young and free.

Never more with blithsome spirit, 'Neath their own dear native sky, Shall they rove heart-linked together, As they rov'd in days gone by. Never on that sunny kill-side-Never o'er that verdant plain, Or beside that murmuring river, Shall they gather flowers again.

A few more days of sunshine And of shade will roll away, Then the quiet grave will open, To receive their kindred clay. God grant that then, together, 'Mid never-fading bowers, Their souls in bliss may wander, Seeking for immortal flowers.

C. L. M.

# John Littlejohn.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

John Littlejohn was staunch and strong, Upright and downright, scorning wrong; He gave good weight, and paid his way, He thought for himself, and said his say; Whenever a rascal strove to pass, Instead of silver, money of brass, He took his hammer, and said with a frown, " The coin is spurious, nail it down."

John Littlejohn was firm and true, You could not cheat him in "two and two," When foolish Arguers, might and main, Darkened and twisted the light and plain, He saw through the mazes of their speech The simple truth beyond their reach; And crushing their logic, said with a frown, "Your coin is spurious, nail it down."

John Littlejohn maintained the right, Through storm and shine, in the World's de

spite; When fools or quacks desired his vote, Dosed him with arguments learnt by rote, Or by coaxing, threats, or promises tried To gain his support to the wrongful side, "Nay, nay," said John with an angry frown, "Your coin is spurious, nail it down."

When told that kings had a right divine, And that the people were herds of swine, That nobles alone were fit to rule, That ceaseless toil, was the proper fate Of all but the wealthy and the great, John shook his head, and swore with a frown. " The coin is spurious, nail it down."

When told that events would justify, A false and crooked policy, That a decent hope of future good Might excuse departure from rectitude, That a lie of white, was of small offence, To be forgiven by men of sense, " Nay, nay," said John, with a sigh and

frown, "The coin is spurious, nail it down."

When told from the pulpit, or the press That heaven was a place of exclusiveness, That none but those, could enter there Who knelt with the "orthodox" at prayer, And held all virtues out of their pale As idle words of no avail, John's face grew dark, as he swore with frown, "The coin is spurious, nail it down."

Whenever the world our eyes would blind With false pretence of such a kind, With humbug, cant, and bigotry, Or a specious sham philosophy, With wrong dressed up in the guise of right And darkness passing itself for light, Let us imitate John, and exclaim with a frown " The coin is spurious, nail it down."

Think of our Country's Glory.

BY ELIZABETH M. CHANDLER.

Think of our country's glory, All dimm'd with Afric's tears-Her broad flag stain'd and gory With the hoarded guilt of years!

Think of the frantic mother, Lamenting for her child, Till falling lashes smother Her cries of anguish wild!

Think of the prayers ascending, Yet shriek'd, alas! in vain, When heart from heart is rending Ne'er to be join'd again.

Shall we behold, unheeding, Life's holiest feelings crush'd? When woman's heart is bleeding, Shall woman's voice be hush'd?

Oh, no! by every blessing That Heaven to thee may lend-Remember their appression Forget not, sister, friend.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Prisoner's Friend. Notes by the Way.

INTERVIEW WITH A PRISONER.

In a former number I gave an account of my visit to the Eastern Penitentiary on the Sabbath. I shall now sketch a few particulars in the history of one of the inmates .-The Warden and a Quaker accompanied me. On entering, I was introduced as one interested in criminals. The prisoner soon made us feel at home, remarking 'that his cell had not any very great accommodations, but he believed, he was as well supplied as the prophet, who had a bed, a stool, and a candlestick.' He gave me his stool, while he sat on the floor. He was exceedingly commu-nicative. The Warden allowed me to ask him any questions. He remarked that he had thought of asking to stay a while long-er, as his sentence expired in one month.— But,' said he, 'they won't let me stay after my sentence, nor they won't let me go before

'How long have you been in prison?' I \*I have been in different prisons ever since

1830, excepting one year.'
'Then,' said I, 'you have been 17 years in confinement. This is a long time to be

shut out from society.'
'Yes,' he exclaimed, 'and I begin to feel old now and worn out. But I am treated kindly, and the Warden has not even spoken cross to me.'

I looked round his cell, and seeing my wish to know more about his situation, he pointed

to his little garden. 'See there,' he exclaimed, 'what a fine garden I have. I have raised several things. And now, said he to the Warden, 'I want to sell the proceeds. I ought to have \$20, but I will sell it to you for \$10.\* I always want justice done. I am a great hand for having justice done to me." 'Let me know,' said I, 'something of your

history.'
'Well,' said he, 'I have been in here 17 months, and I say this (turning to the Warden.) that I have not received an unkind word from you.' 'I was,' he continued, 'in Sing Sing two years and a half, and such a prison I never was in before. I would not believe men could be so cruel; why, it was worse than the Inquisition. When I first entered my cell, I received notice of the rules, but I forgot some of them. I omitted to put my hand through the gratings of the door when it is first closed, a custom which gives the keeper a chance to know that the prisoner is in without the trouble of looking within the door. For this neglect,' said he, 'I received one hundred and thirty-nine lashes! At another time,' continued he, 'I had on forty-five pounds of iron. During one week I re-ceived one hundred and fifty lashes; fifty at

'I remember,' be said, 'that one man was to receive the cat, (the name of the whip which has, I believe, six tails,) and on inquiring why he was to be punished, the answer was that it was for being ugly! Men were treated in the most brutal manner. If they refused to take off their shirt, the lan-

guage was, 'd-n you, take off that shirt!'
Continuing his narrative, he said, 'I was punished about fifty times in Sing Sing, till finally I hardly dared to wink.

But did thee not deserve punishmen cometimes?' said the Warden. · O yes, I sometimes transgressed the laws and I felt revengeful, and I thought if I got

out, I would not forgive those keepers.'
'Ah, but,' said I, 'you ought not to harbor revengeful feeling.'
'Oh, I don't know about that,' said he, looking at me with great earnestness, as though this was rather a hard doctrine for I saw his state of mind, and endeavor-

ed to calm him, and point him out the better But, continue your narrative,' I said, 'for nected with one who has spent seventeen years within the walls of a prison. What were your temptations? What could have induced you to continue a life, which you

confess has been so unpleasant?'
\* Well,' said he, 'I will tell you;' his countenance brightening to find me interested in the history of one who had become so depra-

ved. I listened with intense interest.
I am now forty-five years of age. I had no education when I was young; I was put in prison at fifteen years of age. And from there I escaped. I again commenced steal-ing, and carried the goods to a house of As-signation. I went two voyages to S. America. In company with another, I afterwards commenced stealing. We stole some jewelry. A pardon was afterwards granted. I again went to sea. I was afterwards taken up for Burglary. I went afterwards on board a Man of War. I escaped from her by swim-

ming away. I was again taken up for Bur-glary, and was sentenced for three years.' But,' said I, interrupting his narrative, what could have induced you to go on in crime? Have you no principle? What are your religious views?

'Oh,' said he, 'I believe in future rewards and punishments.

But,' said the Warden, 'thee ought not to live so; thee may die in this criminal state. 'Oh, said he, very earnestly, 'I do not cal-

culate to die in this state.' I remarked, 'you ought not to live so now.
It is not the idea that we have got to die, that should induce us to live well; we should love and fear God even if we were never to die. Religion is a matter for life, and when

we are fit to live, we are fit to die.'
\*And,' replied the Warden, who took rather a different view of the great end of religion, 'thee may die now. Think of the shortness and uncertainty of life. For in-stance; here was a case a few days ago, of a young man named Wood, who was on his journey. He was gay and cheerful. He was on the outside of the car; an accident occurred, and he was so injured that he soon died. Thee may die soon; thee had better be prepared for thy last hour.' The Prisoner looked earnestly upon the face of his keeper, as though his words had made a deep im-

pression; and as though he resolved from \* Each cell has a spot of ground connected with it, about sixteen feet long, and seventeen feet wide. In a few instances, this has been converted into a shop. I saw there the peach tree which Dr. Howe described so poings of the Prison-Discipline Society.

integrity. Would you have worked if you had found some one to give you employment!' I asked.
The prisoner looked with much earnestness at me as he sat on the floor of his cell, having given me his only seat, and then said, . When I was discharged, I could not find encouragement. The world brands the pri-soner with infamy.' But,' said the Warden, 'thee should have

been bonest. I fear thee did not attempt to get work.'

The prisoner looked with great earnestness upon his keeper, as if meditating some expolice officers do you think are honest ! To this, the keeper replied, \*Suppose there were not one, that would be no excuse for thee. Thee should have been honest and have sought for work. And if thee had not obtained employment, then thee might not have starved, but have gone to the Alms-

. The Almshouse!' exclaimed the prisoner; the Almshouse! but I could not go there. would not like to go to such a place,' evidently carrying the idea that that was worse than the prison.
'Yes,' said the Warden, 'but many honest

people have gone there; there is nothing so very had in going to such an institution. It would be far better than to commit crime.' 'Yes, but then there are so many discour-agements when we get out. The officers know me, and then I always suspect people

are looking at me as a convict." But,' said the Warden, evidently wanting to encourage him to lead a better life, 'a man went out the other day, and he found work, and was encouraged.

The prisoner's countenance brightened with the story which the Warden feelingly related, and he seemed resolved to lead a bet ter life.

· Now thee has been here seventeen months. and thee has not given me a cross word.— Thee has made trouble in other prisons.— Thee has violated the rules there, thee has shown that the lion can become a lamb. But just show these friends now how they talk in Sing Sing.'

Here the prisoner gave a specimen of the conversation there, and the manner of conversing without opening the mouth or mov-ing the lips. This could be done without detection. It was not exactly ventriloquism, but it showed, at once, the ease with which communication could be carried on between cupation of the Dutch colonies. This animan and man even under the most vigilant mal had its liberty, and used to run all over eye of a keeper.

Now,' continued the keeper, ' thee would not wrong me. I would be willing to trust thee with money, but then thee might wrong

ness, 'I would never wrong a man who trust- growl from his pet leopard. On looking ed me. A rogue's life is not so very pleasant after all.'

'Why, then,' I asked, 'did you continue a life which you, yourself, say was so disagree-able and so hard?'

· I have had many compunctions of conscience, continued the prisoner, but then what could I do? I could not sometimes obtain work and I should have starved."

Would it not have been better to have starved,' I asked, 'and died innocent, rather than to live guilty?'
'Starved!' said the prisoner, looking with

great earnestness into my countenance, as if-trying to test my sincerity. And then as if making his boldest effort for an excuse, he said, 'did not Christ pluck the ears of corn even on the Sabbath?'

assured him that I would befriend any discharged prisoner, and our time having elapsed, we abruptly left the cell, leaving his

strange excuse unanswered.

Such was the substance of a conversation with one who knew all about prison life; one who had evidently weighed all the circumstances connected with crime; one who all the while, believed in a state of eternal punishment; one who confessed that 'the way of the transgressor is hard.' The narrative was interesting, and I trust it will show the importance of doing for the Discharged Prisoner. It is evident that thousands might be saved, if proper means were taken. But the community is dead to the subject, but the time will come when such a Christian work will be done, and then many crimes will cease.

## Animals.

A great many anecdotes are told of the sagacity of animals, and in Jesse's recent work on Dogs, we find several that we have not met with before. Of the Dog's ability to find his way home, he says:

"A few years ago some hounds were embarked at Liverpool for Ireland, and were safely delivered at a kennel far up in that country. One of them, not probably liking his quarters, found his way back to the port at which he had been landed from Liverpool. On arriving at it, some troops were being embarked in a ship bound to that place. This was a fortunate circumstance for the old hound, as, during the bustle, he was not noticed. He safely arrived at Liverpool, and on his old master, or huntsman rather, coming down stairs one morning, he recognized his former acquaintance waiting to greet him. A similar circumstance happened to some hounds sent by the late Lord Lonsdale to Ireland. Three of them escaped from the kennel in that country, and made their appearance again in Leicestershire. The love of home, or most probably affection for a particular individual, must be strongly implanted in dogs to induce them to search over unexplored and unknown regions for the being and home they love."

He also tells a story of an acute Colley, as follows :-

"A lady of high rank has a sort of colley a Scotch sheep dog. When he is ordered to ring the bell, he does so; but if he is told to ring the bell, when the servant is in the room whose duty it is to attend, he refuses, and then the following occurrence takes place.bow, wow, once or twice. The order is repeated two or three times. At last the dog lays hold of the servant's coat in a signifi-cant manner, just as if he had said to him, always has her shoes warmed before she puts them on; but, during the late hot weather, her maid was putting them on without their having been previously placed before the fire.

When the dog saw this he immediately interfered avoid to the present, and looks cheeringly forward at the future, with its rich promise. terfered, expressing the greatest indignation etically in his speech in Boston, at the meetings of the Prison-Discipline Society.

at the maid's negligence. He took the shoes to call forth the spark.

that hour to follow in the path of virtue and they had been warmed as usual, he brought them back to his mistress with much apparent satisfiction, evidently intending to say if he could, "It is all right now."

Another tale is given of a sheep-dog :-"The owner of a sheep-dog having been hanged some years ago for sheep-stealing, the following fact was authenticated by evidence of his trial: When the man intended to steal any sheep he did not do it himself, but de-ing at the sheep with an intention to purchase them, he went through the flock with the dog at his heel, whom he secretly gave a signal, so as to let him know the individuals he wanted, to the number of ten or twenty out of a flock of some hundreds. He then went away and at the distance of several miles, sent back the dog by himself in the night-time, who picked out the individual sheep that had been pointed out to him, separated them from the flock, and drove them before him by him self, till he overtook his master, to whom he relinquished them."

The editor of the Literary Gazette adds the

"These creatures do such acts on the Scottish mountains, in regard to the guidance and direction of flocks, that they are utterly incredible without being seen, and nearly incredible when they are. The waving of a shepherd's arm at a distance far beyond the sound of his voice, is sufficient to regulate all their movements; and you may see them a mile or two miles off, on tops of hills, obeying every gesture of their master, pointing out various and complex operations. We saw a colley once in Perthshire taking a flock of sheep to Falkirk Tryst, or Fair; and as the road was dusty, he chose to indulge his charge occasionally with a bit of green walk and nibble. To accomplish this, where he observed a gap in a hedge, he bounded into the field and ran on to the farther extremity on his route. If he found an opening there, he returned and drove the sheep into the pasture to pick up a little on their way; if not he occupied the gap and resolutely denied them entrance, driving them, with barking, along the turnpike road."

In Davidson's "Trade and Travel in the Far East," a work lately issued in London,

we have a notice of a tame leopard : "While on the subject of wild animals, may mention a leopard that was kept by an English officer in Samarang, during our octhe house after its master. One morning, after breakfast, the officer was sitting smoking his hookah, with a book in his right hand and the hookah-snak in his left, when he felt s slight pain in the left hand, and, on attemp-'No,' said the prisoner, with great earnest- ting to raise it, was checked by a low, angry down, he saw the animal had been licking the back of his hand, and had, by degrees drawn a little blood. The leopard would not suffer the removal of the hand, but continued licking it with great apparent relish, which did not much please his master, who, with great presence of mind, without attempting again to disturb the pet in his proceeding called to his servant to bring him a pistol, with which he shot the animal dead on the spot. Such pets as snakes nineteen feet long and full grown leopards, are not to be trifled with. The largest snake I ever saw was twenty-five feet long and eight inches in diameter. I have heard of sixty feet snakes but cannot vouch for the truth of the tale.'

In an English work, called the "Remin iscences of the late Major Rogers," we find a word or two about the freaks of monkeys : He had once accepted the invitation of a brother officer, in a totally different part of the island, to try a few days' hostilities against the elephants of that neighborhood, and had arrived after a day's sport, to within a mile or two of the bungalow, where his host and hostess were awaiting his arrival, when, passing by a delightfully cool looking river, he thought a plunge would be the most renovating luxury in existence; so a plunge he determined to take, sending on his servants with his guns, and an intima utes, he would be home to dinner. So stripping and placing his cloths very carefully on stone, he began to luxuriate in the water. He was a capital swimmer, and had swam to some distance, when, to his horror and dismay, on looking to the place where he had left his habiliments, he perceived a do-zen monkeys "overhauling" his entire wardrobe! One was putting its legs through the sleeves of his shirt; another cramming its head into his trowsers; a third trying to find if any treasure was concealed in his boot; whilst the bat formed a source of wonderment and amusement to some two or three

others, who were endeavoring to unravel its mystery by unripping the lining and taking half a dozen bites out of the brim. As soon as he gained his mental equilibrium, (for the thing was so ridiculous as to make him laugh heartily, notwithstanding his disgust at seeing his garments turned to such "vils purposes") he made with all haste towards the shore; but judge of his horror when he saw these 'precious rascals' each catch up what he could lay hold of, and rattle off at full speed into the jungle! not leaving poor Rogers even the vestige of an article of raiment to cover himself. All he heard was a glorious chattering, as they one by one disappeared, the last one legging off his shirt, which, being rather awkward to carry, was continually tripping it up by getting between his legs. Here was a pretty pickle for a Christian, under a boiling sun! and here he stayed until the inmates of the bungalow, beginning to suspect some accident, came out in search, and found poor Rogers sitting up to his neck in water, in a frame of mind which we may conclude to be "more easily

imagined than described." MIRTH AND WISDOM .- Nobody can deny that there is truth in the old saying, "It is good to be merry and wise." this simple truth, but sound philosophy .-It is an excellent thing to be mirthful, when His mistress says, Ring the bell, dog. The dog looks at the servant, and then barks his laugh at what is ludicrous; in short, to look you can; to smile at what amuses you; to at the sunny side of things, and even in the gloom and cold of winter, to recollect that there is "a good time coming," when the sunshine and warmth of the glorious summer, "Don't you hear that I am to ring the beli will make all things giau. I nus, even when for you? Come to my lady." His mistress we enjoy ourselves, we may be 'wise' in dofor you? Come to my lady." We may be exercising that hopeful, ing so. We may be exercising that hopeful,

> In the spirit of most men lies a creative power, which only needs the sight moment

### A Sketch from Real Life.

BY M. M. NOAH.

At a musical soirce last winter, at the splendid mansion of a thriving merchant, and withal a man of taste and liberality, we were struck with the magnificence which met our eye in every direction. The highly polished mahogany doors, the ponderous and beauti-ful Egyptian marble muntle pieces, the rich Wilton and royal carpets, highly polished chairs and divans, elaborately carved and gilt cornices, pier-glasses, suspended girandoles, satin curtains—all after the fashion of Hen-ry IV. The drawing rooms were filled with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen, and the supper and refreshments presented a scene of richness and luxury only to be looked for

from persons of overgrown fortunes.

How long can this last? we said to ourselves, together with reflections which pressed upon us as to the rapid manner we gain and get rid of fortunes in this city-New How like a rocket we ascend and de-

One day last week we took a ride in a light ockaway over one of the delightful roads on Long Island, to catch a little air and appetite for dinner, and stopped to look at an Italian cottage with green Venetian Plazettes and porticos in neat taste, surrounded by a white paling, and filled with shrubbery-a cheap, ight homestead, with some fields of corn and otatoes, and a patch of wheat in the distance While gazing on the simplicity, cheerfulness, and comfort of the premises, we were rouse by hearing some one calling out-"Hallo, stranger," and on looking, discovered it to be our worthy host of --- Place. He wore jacket and Manilla hat.

"Come, alight and see my improvements," said he.

"I must go down to town to dinner-it will be late.

"No, you don't. My dinner is just ready, and you shall dine with me. Here, Toney take the gentleman's horse." Having enjoyed his hospitality while liv-

ing in splendor, I could not refuse his bread and salt under adverse circumstances; so I alighted and walked into the parlor. a change! A plainly furnished cottage, cane bottomed chairs, wooden mantle pieces and plated candlesticks, mahogany framed looking glass, and eight day clock in the corner, and a map or two on the walls. Then the dinner table—how plain! White delf plates, black handled knives and forks, tumblers and wine glasses blown at the New Jersey glass works, and salt cellars dear at a sixpence. The dinner was plain but goodregetables fresh-the bread home bakedand we were waited upon by a strapping girl with a significant squint. The hostess of the late princely mansion looked fresh and ruddy in a cross-barred muslin dress and bobbinet cap. She was cheerful and happy. We talked of numerous subjects, philesophized with all delicacy upon the admirable manner in which they bore the change in their condition. The hostess started, and the host rolling out a volume of smoke from a principe cigar, exclaiming with surprise-Why, my dear fellow, did you suppose was broke-smashed-gone over the dam-eh ? O, no, no! This change you see is not owing to any reverse of fortune-my busi-ness is as prosperous as ever. I did not wait till bankruptcy overtook me; but considering our children, our future prosperity, and the obligations due to society and good ex-ample, we agreed to spend \$1500 per annum in the contested manner you see us, instead of \$15,000 in the giddy mazes of fashion. I ride into town to attend to my business, work in my garden, have plain and substantial cheer, bake my own bread, make my own butter, lay my own eggs, and have good cheer

Here was not only a change, but an im provement, a cheap augmentation of happiness, a true and sensible economy, promising rich results and worthy of imitation

## A Night with a Duelist.

challenged party having the choice of weapons, named muskets, to be loaded with buckshot and slugs, and the distance ten paces; avowing at the same time his intenion and desire that both parties should be destroyed. They fought-the challenger was killed on the spot; the murderer escaped unhurt! Years afterwards, a gentlemen was spending the winter in Charleston, South Carolina, and lodged at the same house with this unhappy man. He was requested by the duelist, one evening, to sleep in the same room with him, but he declined, as he was very well accommodated in his own. On his persisting in declining, the duelist confessed to him that HE WAS AFRAID TO SLEEP ALONE; and as a friend who usually occupied the room was absent, he would esteem it a great favor if he would pass the night with him. His kindness being thus demanded, he consented, and retired to rest in the room of this man of fashion and honor, who some years before had stained his hands in the blood of a kinsman. After long tossing on his unquiet pillow, and repeating stiffed groans, that revealed the inward pangs of the murderer, he sank into slumber, and as he rolled from side to side, the name of his victim was often uttered, with broken words that discovered the keen remorse that preyed like fire on his conscience. Suddenly he would start up in his bed with the terrible impression that the avenger of blood was pursuing him; or hide himself under the covering as if he would escape the burning eye of an angry God, that gleamed in the darkness over him, like lightning from a thunder cloud! For him there was "no rest, day nor night." Conscience, armed with terrors. lashed him unceasingly, and who could sleep? And this was not the restlessness of disease, the raving of a disordered intellect, nor the anguish of a maniac struggling in chains! It was a man of intelligence, edu-cation, health, and influence, given up to himself—not delivered over to the avenger of blood to be tormented before his time; but left to the power of his own CONSCIENCE. suffering only what every one may suffer who is abandoned of God!

THE BEAUTIFUL.-To love the beautiful in all things, to surround ourselves, as far as our means permit, with all its evidences, not only elevates the thoughts, and harmo-nizes the mind, but is a sort of homage we owe to the gifts of God and the labors of man. The beautiful is the priest of the benevolent .- Bulwer.

#### BELLED ERECHE

DAVID WOODRUFF.

MANUFACTURER OF

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SULKIES, &c. A general assortment of carriages constanty on hand, made of the best materials and in the neatest style. All work warranted. Shop on Main street, Salem, O.

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January, 1848. BENJAMIN BOWN.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCER. TEA-DEALER, FRUITERER, AND DEALER IN Pittsburgh Manufactured Articles. No. 141, Liberty Street,

MORE NEW BOOKS. Just received from New York and Philadelphia, among a great variety of school and miscellaneous books. Gibbons' Decline and Fall of the Roman

PITTSRURGH.

Keightly's History of England, a New and Superior work, in two vols. Baldwin's Pronouncing Gazetteer. Bolle's Phonographic Pronouncing Dic-

ionary. Wood and Bache's U. S. Dispensatory

Davis's Revelations, "the Most Remarka-Blank Books of every description. Papeteries of all kinds, such as lace edged, rilt, and embossed note papers, fancy enve-opes, motto wafers, visiting cards, perforated board, perforated cards, &c. Fine cap and post papers, pens, ink, pencils. Paints (toy and fine.) Crayons, drawing pencils, drawing paper, tissue paper. In short, a complete assortment of stationary.

All for sale low at the SALEM BOOKSTORE.

June 18th, 1848. COVERLET AND INGRAIN CARPET WEAVING.

The subscriber, thankful for past favours onferred the last season, takes this method to inform the public that he still continues in the well-known stand formerly carried on by James McLeran, in the Coverlet and Carnet

Directions .- For double coverlets spin the Directions.—For double colors to the pound, woollen yarn at least 12 cuts to the pound, louble and twist 32 cuts, coloring red, and 24 blue; or in the same proportions of any other two colors; double and twist of No. 5 cotton, 30 cuts for chain. He has two machines to weave the half-double coverlets. For No. 1, prepare the yarn as follows: double and twist of No. 7 cotton yarn 18 cuts, and 9 cuts of single yarn colored light blue for chain, with 18 cuts of double d twisted woollen, and 18 cuts of No. 9 A duel was fought near the city of Wash- for filling. For No. 2, prepare of No. 5 cotington, under circumstances of peculiar atro-city. A distinguished individual challenged his relative who was once his friend. The -17 cuts of double and twisted woollen, and one pound single white cotton for filling.nine or ten cuts to the pound.

Plain and figured table linen, &c. woven. ROBERT HINSHILL WOOD, Green street, Salem

Agents for the "Bugle."

June 10th, 1846.

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6m-148

Columbiana ; Lot Holmes. Cool Springs; Mahlon Irvin. Berlin; Jacob H. Barnes. Marlboro; Dr. K. G. Thomas. Canfield; John Wetmore. Lowellville; John Bissell.

Youngstown; J. S. Johnson, and Wm

New Lyme; Marsena Miller. Selma; Thomas Swayne. Springbore; Ira Thomas. Harveysburg; V. Nicholson. Oakland; Elizabeth Brooke. Chagrin Falls; S. Dickenson. Columbus; W. W. Pollard. Georgetown; Ruth Cope. Bundysburg; Alex. Glenn. Farmington; Willard Curtis. Bath; J. B. Lambert. Newton Falls; Dr. Homer Earle. Ravenna; Joseph Carroll. Hannah T. Thomas; Wilkesville. Southington; Caleb Greene. Mt. Union; Joseph Barnaby. Malta; Wm. Cope. Richfield; Jerome Hurlburt, Elijah Poer Lodi; Dr. Sill. Chester ⋈ Roads; H. W. Curtis. Painesville; F. McGrew. Franklin Mills; Isaac Russell. Granger; L. Hill. Hartford; G. W. Bushnell. Garrettsville; A. Joiner. Andover; A. G. Garlick and J. F. Whit

Achor Town; A. G. Richardson. INDIANA. Winchester; Clarkson Pucket. Economy; Ira C. Maulaby. Penn; John L. Michner. PENNSYLVANIA. Pittsburgh H. Vashon.